MIRRHA
THE
Mother of A-
donis:
OR,
Luſtes Prodegies.

By William Barkſted.

Horrace.
Nanſicetur enim pretium, nomenque Poeta.

Whereunto are added certaine Eglogs.
By L.M.

LONDON
Printed by E. A. *for* Iohn Bache, and are to be ſold at his ſhop in the Popes-head Palace, nere the Royall Exchange. 1607.

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Love's Tragedy.
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Deæ.

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To his beloued, the Author.

PRaiſe wheare ſo er't be found, if it be due,
Shall no vaine cullour neede to ſet it foorth:
Why ſhould I idely then extoll the worth,
Which heere (dere friend) I finde belong to you.
And if I er'd, full well the learned knewe,
How wide, amiſſe my marke I taken had,
Since they diſtinguiſh can the good from bad.
And through the varniſh well diſcerne the hewe
Be glad therefore, this makes for you, and knowe,
When wiſer Readers, heere ſhall fixe their ſight,
For vertues ſake, they will doe vertue right.
So ſhalt thou not (Friend) vnrewarded goe,
Then boldly on, good fortune to thy Muſe,
Should all condemne, thou canſt as well excuſe.

I. W

To his Louing friend and Kinsman:

W.B.

THamis *nere heard a Song equall to this,*
Although the Swan that ow'd this present
sung to that Eccho, her owne Epitaph (qui
As proude to die, and render vp her wing
To Venus Swan, who doth more pleasing sing,
Produce thy worke, & tell the powerfull tale.
Of naked Cupid, and his mothers will
My selfe I doe confine from Helicon,
As loath to see the other Muses nine,
So immodest lie eye shoot, and gaze vppon
Their new borne enuie: this tenth Muse of thine,
Which in my selfe I doe in thee admire,
As Aesops *Satire the refulgent fire,*
Which may me burn, (I mean with amorous flame
In reading, as the kissing that did him.

An

And happie Mirrha that he rips thy ſhame,
Since he ſo queintly doth expreſſe thy ſin,
Many would write, but ſeemens workes ſo rare,
That of their owne they inſtantly diſpaire.

Robert Glouer.

To his esteemed friend.
W. B.

NOt for our friendship, or for hope of gaine
Doth my pen run so swiftly in thy praise:
Court-seruile flatterie I doe disdaine,
" Enuie like Treason, stil it selfe betraies.
This worke Detractions sting, doth disinherit:
He that giues thee all praise, giues but thy merrit.

Lewes Machin.

T

To his respected friend. W.B.

POet, nor art thou without due desert,
stil'd by that name:
Though folly smile, and enuy frowne,
to heare the same.
Yet those who read thy worke with due respect,
Will place thee with the worthiest of that sect.
Then let not ignorance, nor enuie moue thee
Thou hast done well, they do not that reproue thee:
Yet some (true worth ner e wants an opposite)
will Carpers be:
Grieue not at this, not vertues selfe can scape
their obloquie,
But giue the raynes vnto these baser spirits,
Whose Iudgements cannot paralell thy merrits,
Such fooles (to seeme iudicious) take in hand,
To censure what they doe not vnderstand.

Yet

Yet cannot they detract, or wrong thy worth,
maugre their spight:
For thou dooſt chaunt inceſtuous Myrrha *forth,*
with ſuch delight,
And with ſuch gouldē phraſe gild'ſt ore her crime
That what's moſte diabolicall, ſeemes deuine.
and who ſo but begins the ſame to reade
Each powerfull line, attracts him to proceede.
Then ſince he beſt deſerues the Palme: to weare,
Who wins the ſame:
Doe thou alone inioy thoſe ſweets, which beare
thy Mirrhas name.
And euer weare in memorie of her,
an anademe of odoriferous Mirrhe,
and let Apollo, *thinke it no diſpraiſe,*
To weare thy Mirrhe, *& ioyne it with his bayes*

William Bagnall.

MIRRHA,

The Mother of A-
donis.

I Sing the ruine of a beautious Maide,
White as my paper, or loues faireſt Doue.
ſhine bright *Apollo*, Muſe be not affraide,
Although thou chaunteſt of vnnaturall loue.
Great is my quill, to bring foorth ſuch a birth,
as ſhall abaſh the Virgins of our earth.
ſmoake Goulden cenſors vpon *Paphos* ſhrine,
drinke deep *Lenens* to this worke of mine.

Cupid

Mirrha.

Cupid to *Thracia* went to heare a Song
of *Orpheus*, to whome euen Tygers came,
And left their ſauage Nature, if there long
they did with hi› ſweet Melodie remaine. (fin
Wolues loſt their preyes, and by ſignes praid hi
Beaſts left the Lyon, and choſe him their King.
Cecropian Apes did on his muſicke waite,
Yet of them all, not one could immitate.

Tis ſaide when *Orpheus* dyed, he did deſcend
To the infernall, ſo the *Furies* boaſt:
Where now they giue him leaue his eies to bend
without all feare, on her whome he once loſt,
By a regardant looke, but tis not ſo:
Ioue not reſeru'd ſuch muſicke for belowe,
But placed him amongſt celeſtiall ſtars,
To keep the Scorpion, Lyon, Beare from Iars

Fo

Mirrha.

For euer ſince the fall of *Phaeton*,
That then diſplaced, them they were at ſtrife
For their degrees, till his alluring Tone.
Who though in death hath the office of his life.
Though more diuinely: and where he attracts,
More glorious bodies to admire his actes.
Faire ſtranger ſhape of creature, and of beaſt,
With his concordant tunes, plac'd them in reſt.

The Dittie was (and *Cupid* lent an eare)
Vpon the death of his *Euridice*:
Which ſtill he ſung, as if his former feare,
Of looſing her was now, or elſe would be.
The Eccho beate the noyſe vp to the Spheares,
And to his paſſionate ſong, Gods bent their eares.
It was a ſigne, he was new come from hell,
Their tunes ſo ſad, he immitates ſo well.

Such

Such passion it did strike vpon the earth,
that *Daphnes* roote groan'd for *Apollo's* wrong:
Hermophrodite wept shewers and wisht his birth
had neuer bin, or that he more had clung
To *Salmacis*, and *Clitie* grieued in vaine
Leucothoes wrong, the occasion of her baine,
my wilful eie (this should the burthen be)
Hath rob'd me of, twice slaine *Euridice*.

Cicnus still proud though he confuted be,
for *Phaetons* losse, would needs afresh complaine
Thinking therewith to singe as sweet as he,
but pittiles he sung and dyed in vaine.
Eccho was pleas'd with voice resounding brim
as proud to loose her shape to answer him.
Hether resorted more then wel could heare,
but on my Muse, & speake what chansed there
Among

Mirrha.

Amongſt the reſt of *Veſta*-vowed Girles, (knew
came *Mirrha* (whoſe thoughts no guile then
Like a bright diamond circled with pearls,
whoſe radiant eye delt luſtre to the hew
Of all the dames: whoſe face ſo farre abeue
though the reſt (beautious all) vnwounded made
for neuer ſince *Spiches* was made a ſtar (loue, loue
did he ſee nature excel art ſo far.

He chāg'd his ſhape, his wings he oft hath torne,
and like a hunter to this nimph he came:
With gold tipt *Iauelin* and a bugle Horne,
ſuch as they beare to make the Lyon tame:
Firſt did he kiſſe hir hand, which then did melt
with loue's impreſſion, *Cupid* the like felt:
Stroke dumbe, he ſtood in an vnwonted guiſe,
ſuch magicke beawtie carries in her eies.

At

Mirrha

At length (quoth he) ſhould I not ſay I loue,
I ſhould both *Cupid* and his Mother wrong:
By thee faire Maid a power farre aboue,
My heart is the true index of my tongue.
And by my naked wordes you may diſcouer,
I am not traded like a common Louer.
Rare obiects, rare amazements bred, tis true:
And their effects are tryed in me by you.

My barren braine, can bleſſe me with no ſtore
Of able Epithits, ſo what praiſe I giue
Makes not you richer though it makes me poore:
therefore in vaine againſt the ſtreame I ſtriue,
Th' ore curious painter, meaning to excell,
Oft marres the worke, the which before was well,
And he ſhall dazeled be, and tyred ſoone,
That leuelleth his ſhafts to hit the Moone.

With

Mirrha

With this, ſhe turnd her bluſhing head aſide,
&vail'd her face with lawne, not halfe ſo white
That euen the blending roſes were eſpyed
deſpight the cloudes, that hid them in deſpight
She threw her thin breath through the lawne, and
Leaue gentle youth, do not thus ſnare a maid (ſaid
I came to *Orpheus* Song, good then forbeare,
It is his tune, not yours can charme mine eare.

Let *Orpheus* learne (quoth he) of thee to ſing,
Bid him charme men *Mirrha* as thou canſt doe:
Let him tame Man, that is the Lyons King,
And lay him proſtrate at his feete belowe,
As thou canſt doe: nor *Orpheus* nor the ſpheares
Haue Tones like thee, to rauiſh mortall eares.
Yea, were this Thracian Harper Iudge to tell,
(As thee) hee'd ſweare he ſung not halfe ſo wel.

Giue

Nor dying Swans, nor Phebus when he loue's,
equals thy voice (though he in muſicke court
and as the God whoſe voice the firm earth moues
making the terrors of the great, his ſports,
Whoſe firſt word ſtrooke into the *Chaos* light:
ſo if that contrary thou take delight,
at thy word, darknes would or'e-cloude the ayr
and the fayreſt day giue place to thee more faire

Fame hath reſing'd her laſting Trumpe to thee,
as to the worthyer, then thy fame diſplay;
Tell Venus thou art fairer farre then ſhe,
For thine own worth becomes thee beſt to ſay,
Time will ſtand ſtill, the ſunne in motion ſtay,
Sirens be mute to heare thee ſpeake of *Mirrha*,
Thy voice, if heard in the low ſhades ſhould b
Would a third time fetch back *Euridice*.

Giu

Mirrha.

Giue eare eternall wonder to a ſwaine,
Twas writ in ſtarres that I ſhould ſee that face:
And ſeeing loue, and in that loue be ſlaine,
if beautie pittie not my wretched caſe.
Fortune and loue, the ſtarres and powers diuine,
Haue all betraide me to thoſe eyes of thine.
O proue not then more crueller thē they, (to ſtay
Loues ſhaftes & fates wheeles, who hath power

(their owne
Stay there (quoth ſhe) giue backe thoſe powers
or not impoſe their powerfull force on me:
Haue I the leaſt word or the leaſt glance thrown
To make you attribute what's deſtinie
Vnto my beautie: if loue and fate you wound,
Throw vowes to thē, their altars are ſoone found.
Would ſt thou haue me pittie before they doe?
Loue's blinde, and fortun's deafe, ſo am I too.

Mirrha

I know not loue, ſure tis a ſubtle thing,
I, by theſe bluſhes that thy charmes haue raiſd,
T'allay more quiet: tell loues little king,
I ſerue a Miſtres he himſelfe hath praiſd
Though he enuy, a rare and ſacred floure,
Whom he had will to wrong, but neuer power.
Now *Cupid* hangs the head, and melts in ſhame,
for ſhe did vtter *Veſtas* holy name.

And as you ſee a woman teeming young,
bearing the growing burthen of her wombe:
Miſſing the dainty ſhe hath lookt for long,
falls ſtraight in paſſionate ſickneſs pale & dumb
(for ſeeing ſhe hath loſt it) will not tell,
for what ſhe in this forced paſſion fell.
So when his hopes were loſt, he would not ſay,
what was the cauſe, but this to her did laye.

Virgin

Mirrha.

Virgin beware that fire within thy breſt,
to *Veſta* dedicate do not expire:
as ſhe muſt warie be that is the beſt
to keepe it, it is knowne no laſting fier.
The fuell cold fruiteleſſe Virginitie,
which if zeale blow not violent, wil ſo one die:
This ſtricts a virgins life, and who but knowes,
that loue and chaſtitie, were euer foes.

And if ere loue aſſaile thoſe virgins forts,
thoſe Iuory bulwarkes that defend your heart:
Though he be king of ſportes he neuer ſports,
when as he wounds, but playes the Tirants
And ſo much more he wil triūph oure thee, (part
by how much thou contents his deitie:
I know you to be chaſte, but yet faire Mayd,
if ere you loue youle finde what I haue ſayd.

Mirrha.

Sir (quoth ſhe) when I loue you ſhall be mine:
but know the time, when you ſhall claime me
When as the fire extinct as *Veſtaes* ſhrine: (your's
and *Venus* leaues to haunt the *Papheon* bowres,
When men are perfect friendes Tigers at peace,
Diſcord in heauen, and powers diuine doe ceaſe,
when Fortune ſleeps & the north ſtar doth moue
whē Turtles leaue to mourne their mates, ile loue

Ere this was ended, *Orpheus* ſong was done,
And all the Virgins fell into their rankes,
Each tooke their leaue of him, ſo did the ſunne,
who now was poaſting to the weſterne bancke:
and the wild beaſts, whō he had made more tame,
ſeem'd to depart with reuerence at his name.
Each one gaue place to *Mirrha* as their duetie,
She being preferr'd in ſtate, firſt as in beautie.

Now

Mirrha.

Now Cupid of her his laſt leaue doth take,
ſo haue I ſeene a ſoule and body part:
He begs a chaſte kiſſe for her mothers ſake,
and vowes ſhe ſhall be ſoueraigne of his heart.
But whether he diſembling did it, or twa's fate,
(As extream'ſt loue, turnes to the direſt hate)
Being repulſt, but this kiſſe did inſpire,
her breſt with an infernall and vnnam'd deſire.

Night like a maſque was entred heauens greate hall
with thouſand torches vſhering the way:
The complements of parting were done all,
& homewards *Orpheus* chaunteth many a lay;
Venus had ſent her coach, drawn by a Doue,
For little *Cupid* the great God of loue.
& this hath ſprung (as men haue ſayen of yore)
For *Mirrhas* ſake he vow'd to loue no more.

Mirrha.

Blacke as my inck now must my verse commence
You blushing girles, and parents siluer-gray:
As farre as Trace from vs, so farre from hence
goe, that you may not heare me say,
A daughter did with an adulterous head,
And heauie lust, presse downe her fathers bed,
such Songs as these more fit the Tartars cares,
had Orpheus sung it, beasts had pour'd out teares.

Vnhallowed lust, for loues lies drownd in poison
in what blacke ornament shall I attire thee?
Since I must write of thy so sad confusion,
shall I say *Cupid* with his brand did fire thee?
Accuse the Fates, or thee shall I accuse?
Mirrha weepes yet, onely say this my Muse:
wise destinie, true loue, and mortall thought,
would nere confirme this, the furies brought this
Hee

Mirrha.

She loues her Father, Daughter nere lou'd so,
for as her mother lou'd, so lou'd she him:
Thirsting in fire those softer sweetes to know,
Amidst whose waues, *Venus* in pride doth swim
So young she was, yet that her father kist her.
Which she so duely lookes for he nere mist her,
Yet could he haue conceiu'd as he did after
those kisses relliſh much vnlike a daughter.

Giue to her golde of Ophire Indian shels,
Cloath her with Tirian purple skin of beast:
Perfurme her waies with choice Arabian smells,
Present her with the Phœnix in her nest,
Delight her eare with song of poets rare,
All these with *Cyneas* might naught compare,
"The comfort of the minde being tane away,
"*Nectar* not pleaseth, nor *Ambrosia*.

Miirrha.

The feaſt of *Bacchus* at this preſent time,
Was by the giddie *Menades* intended:
There *Mirrha* daunc'd, and *Orpheus* ſung in rime
crownd with green thirſes, now ẏ t. yũhes ende
with praiſe to *Bacchus* all depart with ſpright,
vnto their feaſtes, feaſts that deuoure the night.
for loe, the ſtars, in trauaile in the skie,
brought forth their brightnes to each waking ey

High midnight came, and ſhe to bedward hies,
pretending reſt, to beguile natures reſt:
Anon the gloomy gallerie ſhe ſpies,
toward her chamber, and ſhe firſt that bleſt,
Her care-fild eyes, her farhers picture was
Arm'd but the face, although it dumbe, alaſſe,
ſhe ask'd and if he call'd, ſeeing no reply,
ſhe anſwer'd for her father, and ſaid I.

Daughte

Mirrha.

Daughter (quoth ſhe) why art thou thus alone?
Let Doues ſo mourn girle, ỳ hath loſt their mates
Thine is to come, then prethee ceaſe thy mone,
Care ſhold not dwel with great & high eſtates.
Let her that needs and is not faire at all,
Repine at fortune, loue ſhall be thy thrall,
wing'd as he is, and armed thou ſhalt ſee,
(I haue the power to giue) & giue him thee.

Father (quoth ſhe) and ſpoke with ſmaller voice,
Nature hath made me yours, yours I muſt be:
You chooſe my choice, for in you lies my choice,
Hereat ſhee ſtarts as what not feares the guiltie?
Thinking the ſhadowe knew her double ſence,
and bluſhing, in ſtrange feare departeth thence.
blaming her ſelfe, for vttering her blacke fault
to him who armed ſtood gainſt her aſſault.

Anon

Anon ſhe ſpies many a youthfull Lord,
In ſeuerall Tables, each in ſeuerall guiſe,
Whoſe pictures they had ſent with one accord,
To ſhew their manly features to her eyes,
Whoſe dumb'd perſwaſiue images were plac'd,
To ſee if any in her lookes were grac'd:
But heere in vaine, their faire aſſayes doe proue
for had they ſpake they could not win her loue.

Ouer her Mothers ſhape a vaile ſhe drew,
and weeping, ſaide: may I nere ſee thee more:
Poore abuſ'd image, dooſt not turne thy hew,
to ſee ſo foule an obiect thee before? (wombe
Didſt thou but know, what's ſprung from out thy
thy ſhap cold ſpeak, whilſt ỹ thy ſelf ſtodſt dūbe
Art would claime Nature in thy heauie woes,
thy ſhape haue limbs, thy limbs be ſtuff as thoſe.

Anon

Anon ſhe leapt on it with ardent heate,
and full of teares, yet falles vppon her backe:
Wiſhing euen in that griefe the luſtfull feate,
Were now performd (woemen oft longings lack
down ſunck the down, and with ſo deep impreſſe
that had Hermaphroditus bin there he might ges
Salmacis were aganie his proſtitute,
or one more farre, then to denie her ſuite.

A ſtrange conceite, had now poſſeſt hir braine,
nie equall to her luſt, thought innocent:
She gaue vp to deſire, and leapes amaine,
From the bruiſd bed, with bloodie fram'd intēt
To hang her ſelfe O, me moſte wofull theame.
She now eſpide an hie and ſturdie beame:
Many ſtaue liu'd to an vnpittied death, (breath
who might haue dyed ſometimes with famed

Yet

Yet doth she thinke what terror death would b
and on her heart, imprints his Character:
Faine would she die, yet first would pleased be
with damned lust, which death could not deter
O sinne (saies she) thou must be Natures slaue,
In spight of Fate, goe to a pleasing graue.
When I haue sin'd, send *Ioue* a thunder stroake
and spare thy chosen tree, the harmlesse Oake.

She thinkes againe, and sees nor time nor place,
to quench the thirstines of her parched blood:
Time still ranne on, with an auerted face,
and nothing but her passions did her good.
This thought confoundes her, and she is resoul'd
In deathes bleake azure armes to be inuoul'd.
Fates, you are women, saue your modesties:
sheele kill her selfe, you neede but close her eies

Mirrha.

And like as when ſome ſuddaine extaſie,
ſeiſth the nature of a ſicklie man,
When hee's diſcernd to ſwoune, ſtraite by and by
folke by his helpe confuſedly haue ran,
And ſeeking with their art to fetch him backe:
ſo many throng, that he the ayre doth lacke,
ſo *Mirrha's* thoughts confuſedly did ſtound her,
ſome adding cõfort, whilſt the reſt confound her

Like to a fountaines head, ſo ſhew'd her head,
from whence ſince paſsion firſt tooke hold of hir
Two ſprings did run. thorow each flowr-fil'd
& at her lips ſtaid, where ſhee wiſht *Cynir* (mead
Would ſo haue done: her face with teares run ore,
Like *Hebæs* Nectar ſhew'd, ſpilt on heauens flore.
or as the blomes in May the dewe drops beares,
ſo *Mirrha's* cheeks look'd ſprinkl'd with her tears

Her

Mirrha.

Her haire, that with ſuch diligence was vſde
To be kemb'd vp & did like clowdes appeare
Where many ſpangles, ſtar-like were infuſ'd,
To attend the luſtre of ſo bright a haire,
Whoſe beames like bright *Arachnes* web cõpoſ
Taught P*allas* a new enuie, now vnloſed,
hiding her face, yet making it ſeeme rarer,
as blazing Commets traine makes th: ſtar faire

Diſpaire that teacherh holy ones to die,
when as affliction miniſters her part:
Had breathing now in Mirrha, and well nie,
Like Venus, made her graſpe a flaming heart.
Cupid was borne at Etna, a hot ſprite,
Whoſe violence takes edge off from delight.
For men deepe louing, oft themſelues ſo waſte
that proffer'd dainties, they want power to taſ

Digreſ

Mirrha.

Digresse no farther least thou proue obsceane,
but tell by this how Nurse had broke the dore,
And trembling both through age and feare,
Forgot the naturall sence she had before
Yet with her out-cries from the shades of death,
cald Mirrhas spright, who with vnwilling breath
re-enters flesh, scorning to giue it grace,
with wonted beautie that adorn'd her face.

She tooke the haltar, and held vp her chin,
chasing her temples with a violent heate:
Making her soule returne with torments in,
as it went out, being come vnto retrait,
Nurse heau'd her trembling body on the bed,
Where sinking as in graue, she seemed dead:
Chast had my verse bin, blessed Mirrhas hap,
if here my pen could write thy Epitaph.

When

Mirrha.

When hauing gotten ope her heauie eyes,
life-mocking death, with a freſh crimſon hew,
ſhe thus beſpake: if there be ſorceries,
Philters, inchauntments, any furie new
That can inſpire with irreligious fire,
The breſt of mortall, that vntam'd deſire
Poſſeſſeth me, and all my bodies merrit,
Shewes like a faire houſe, haunted with a ſpirit.

The foure and twentie windes are not ſo fierce,
as what doth blow the fewel in my breaſt:
Not the ſoft oyle, *Appollo* did diſperſe,
on *Phaitons* brow, to keep his ſun-beam'd cre
From face of heauenly fires, could ought preuai
Gainſt raging brāds which my poore heart aſſai
ſcorch'd with materiall flames, wee ſoone do d
and to purge ſins, we imbrace purgatorie.

B

Mirrha.

But this a heate that nor in life or death,
can render any humor but diſpaire:
Nor can it with the ſhort cut of my breath,
Take hence my ſhame, that ſhall ſuruiue mine heire
Nor can the act (after tis done) content
But brings with it eternall puniſhment,
leſſeneth the pleaſure of the world to come,
giues the iudge leaue, & ſtrikes the guiltie dumb

The iealious nurſe, did apprehend her ſtraite,
yet would extract the quinteſſence of all:
And therefore childe (quoth ſhe) vſe no deceipt,
but tel me freely whence theſe teares doe fall
I am thy nurſe, and from my aged breſt
Thou hadſt thy ſecond being, tell the reſt.
I doe coniure thee, by theſe ſiluer haires,
which are grown white, the ſooner in their cares

Mirrha.

If any orped witch of *Theſſalie*,
haue powre vpon thee, gentle-girle relate:
Or if thou haue prophan'd ſome dietie,
wee ſhall ſome miſticke fires propogate.
To attone with them or if with barbarous hand
devoy'd of thy firſt chaſtitie thou ſtand:
Vnfold to me: griefes vttered finde redreſſe:
fires vndeſcern'd burn the more pittileſſe.

Or if the ſunne of bewtie ſhoote at thee
his fiery ſhafts, O tell me and the rather,
Becauſe thy confidence ſhal anſwer'd be,
With this my childe Ile hide it from thy father
As doth a dying man hold faſt what ſo he graſp
ſo ſhe her feruent armes bout her Nurſe claſpe
and nuzzels once more twixt thoſe dugs her fac
whilſt ore thoſe Ilands flow ſalt teares apace
Tha

That word of father was like *Perſey's* ſhield,
to make the poore maid ſtone, now nurſe doth
Vnleſſe ſhe will in gentle manner yeeld, (threat
ſhe would to morrow ſhew how in a heat
She would haue made away her deſperate life,
and ſhe muſt tell the man that forc'd that ſtrife
within her breſt through feare ſhe thus did frame
and made her toung the trumpet of her ſhame.

Her voyce halfe ſtopt with ſighes (O fatal voice)
pronounc'd theſe words, yet did the accẽts faile:
How bleſſed is my mother in her choiſe,
How fully ſhe with nature did preuaile.
This ſaid, her bluſhing face ſinkes in her ſhroud
like *Cinthia* muffel'd in an enuious cloud.
When loe, the dying taper in his toombe,
gaue darknes to it ſelfe and to the roome.

Now had ſhe time to waile, and well ſhe might,
Guiltie of ſorrow, there might you haue ſeene:
As glow wormes adde a tincture to the night,
Glimmering in pallid fire, vppon ſome greene,
mixt with the dew, ſo did her eyes appeare,
Each goulden glance ioyn'd with a dewy teare,
oft ſhut her eyes, like ſtarres that portend ill,
with bloody deluge, they their orbes did fill.

The Nurſe amated with the latter wordes,
whoſe aged haires ſtood vp like ſiluer wire:
Knew ſpeech was vaine, where will the ſcope af-
& whi pering ſoftly, ſaies childe thy deſire (fords
Ile put into thy armes, ſleepe, ſeize thy head,
Tis now nights noone, all but the ſtars ſeem dead,
Our vanities like fire-works will aſcend,
Vntil they breake, vncertaine where to end,

Neuer

Mirrha.

Neuer did mortall with a vicious thought,
wish to bring vices Embrion to aforme:
But still the prince of darknesse to them brought
occasions fore-locke, which they eff haue torne.
Sin like a Cedar shadowes all our good:
Whilst vertues bounded like a narrow flood.
As see now, how the occasion of misfortune;
Mirrha's much abus'd-mother did importune.

Now came the time, of *Ceres* sacred rite,
and Misteries, when all wiues young and olde
Cloathed in vailes, all of transparent white,
Kneele to her, and to the Attick priest vnfolde,
The firstlings of the fiel'd wreath'd gilded corne,
Chaplets of dill, pluckt in a blushing morne,
And many such, nor may they husbands see,
In nine daies, till they end their misterie.

Mirrha

Now nurſe was double diligent, watching her
and told old *Cyniras* a louely maide (time
Sigh'd for him: and ſtill with cupps of wine
betwixt each word his pallat ſhe aſſaide.
Heated with wines, he bad the Nurſe repaide,
and bring to him the Maide that was ſo faire.
Bacchus & *Venus*, Wine and frolicke luſt,
are ſworne to blood, and keepe togither muſt.

Mirrha no ſooner heard this glad reply,
but as a poore bird long time in a ſnare,
Ready for fammine and her woe to die,
whom an vnskilful fouler vnaware
hath guiuen freedome, to her foode doth haſt,
ſo Mirrha thought each houre an age was paſt:
In her ſtrict torment; but being ſcapt away,
her woes forgot, ſhe thinke s vppon her prey.

And

And as ſhe did aſcend thoſe ſtaires to luſt,
in the midway, ſhe heard her father ſpeake:
And nere lay partridge cloſer to the duſt, (weak
at ſound o'the Faulcons bell, then ſhe too
To encounter or reſiſt: and feares are ſuch,
in loue by loue, that they encreaſe loue much.
Loue like to Monarkes, hath his ſtate hie reared
who euer wil be lou'd, where they are feared.

To a hundred ſeueral paſſions ſhe doth yeeld,
and as we ſee in Autumne of the yere
Some gallant oake ſtand ready to be feld,
vppon whoſe ribs a hundred wounds appeare
Forc'd by the brawnie armes of Hynds vnlithe,
who workes a paſſage to the weeping pith:
Vncertaine (though wind ſhaken) where to fall:
ſo ſtood her mynd doutful of reſt at al.

Nurſe

Mirrha

Nurſe opes the doore, and brings her to the be
the darkeneſſe of the night abated ſhame:
And leaues her that muſt leaue her maiden head
to the begetter of his owne defame,
With faultring hams hauing got twixt the ſheete
In fearefull luſt this *Prodegia* meetes,
He begs a kiſſe, then bluſht ſhe as he ſpake it,
yet he muſt giue it, ſhee wants power to take it.

Now trembling lay ſhe by her fathers ſide,
like ſilly doue within the Eagles gripe:
Nor doth ſhe vſe ſoft ſhrikes as doth a bride,
(I meane a maide) when as the fruite ſo ripe
Of maiden-head, is forced from their wombe,
Her fathers armes to her was as a tombe.
ſhe dead in pleaſure, durſt not ſhew her voice,
leaſt *Cyniras* ſhould know this faire foule choic

Bu

But when that Cupid once had whetted her,
she twines her lilly ſtalks about his necke:
So clings young *Iuie* bout the aged oake there,
Venus ſmiles, but frowning *Iuno* checks.
Their ſtolne delight, no nuptiall tapers ſhone,
No Virgin belt vntyed, but all vndone,
the Athenian God, kindled no hallowed fires,
darke was the night, ſuiting to their deſires.

The morrow came, toyled with wakes and luſt,
ſhe leaues her father, when as the riſing Sun
Couering the eaſterne Pines and mountaine duſt,
ſpyed Mirrha from her couch of ſin to runne.
Then bluſht he firſt, and backward would ha fled
And euer ſince in's riſing hee's ſtill red,
Nere Turkas was at ſicke blood more eſtrang'd,
then Mirrha when her chaſtitie was chang'd.

Oft

Mirrha.

Oft would ſhe leane againſt her fathers knees,
& tie his garter in a true loue's knot:
And then vndoo't againe, as to ſhew ſhe
were vndone, yet he conceiu'd it not.
And woman like that, keep not ſecrets long,
ſhe ſhewd her loue in dūb ſhewes with out tung,
her luſt ſhe knew (yet hardly it concealde)
like Fayries Treaſur's vaniſh'd if reueal'd.

A third night came, darker then ſhores belowe,
when Cyniras (father of feareful luſt)
Willing to ſee the ſoule that did beſtowe
So many pleaſures on him (Ioue is iuſt)
Did reach a taper, whoſe confuſiue light,
Strucke like a blaſting at that horrid ſight.
The light fell from him loathing his defame,
things ſenceles oft are mon'd, whē men not ſhame

At

At length with bloodie eye fixed on her,
out of an Iuorie ſcabberd hanging by:
He drew a monumental Semiter, (dye
thinking with death that both their ſhames ſhold
But night that oft befriended her with ſinne,
In her blacke wombe too, did her freedome win,
For through the darke ſhe ſlipt, and left her ſire,
to mourne his Fate, not execute his ire.

Sped with her luſt, and flying thence apace,
in feares and trembling, feare doth giue vs eies:
For ſaftie to the Gods, ſhe lifts her face,
& her claſpt hands to what ſhe now not ſee's,
Ioues browe was darke, Boetes had amaine
Driuen his Oxen to the lower plaine.
Phebæ fled heauen, her face no tincture beares,
Becauſe ſhee ſaw a deed, worthie her teares.

Mirrha

The morning came, where yet the fatall print
of Mirrha lay vpon the pillow: *Cynix* he
Clog'd with distresse, a fathers curse did hint,
vpon that place of foule inchastitie,
the sight of what we loath, breedes loathing more
and vertue once renounc'd ingenders store,
Leaue we him touz'd in care, for worldly wee,
loue to leaue great men in their miserie.

Seauen winters nights, she fled before the Moone
(who knew the vnchaste act she had inforc'd)
Through *Arabie*, in teare she posteth soone,
To odorous Panchaia, whose confines diuorc'd
Her fathers land: here grew all choicest fumes:
That to Ioues temples often men presumes:
and on his altars them accumulate,
and how they first sprung, here thereof the Fate.

Heb

Mirrha

Hebæ now baniſh'd from th' *Aetherian* boule
vppon a feaſt day mongſt the Gods aboue,
Where twas made lawfull, all without controule,
might freely drink it chanc'd the Queen of loue
Whether ſhe long'd, or enuied *Hebes* ſtarre,
(Women are enuious, where they long for nectar)
forc'd her to skinke ſo much, the iuice ran ore,
ſo that Ioues drinke waſht the defiled flore.

With this he ſtorm'd, that's Prieſts from altars flie
ſtreight baniſh'd *Hebæ*, & the world did thinke
To a ſecond Chaos they ſhould turned be,
the clouds for feare wept out th' immortal drinke
and on *Panchaia* there this Nectar fell,
Made rich th' adiacent lands with odorous ſmell,
and ſuch rare ſpices to the ſhoares are giuen,
as Ioue would thinke no Nectar were in heauen.

There

Mirrha

There was a Satire rough and barbarous,
pleasing his pallat at a trembling spring:
Vnder a Beech with bowes frondiferous,
though he had seene a nimph or rarer thing
Then flesh and blood, for in the calmed streame.
He saw her eyes like stars, whose raies did gleam
Boue Phœbus farre, and so amazed stood,
as if she had bin Goddesse of that flood.

and as you see a man that hath bin long
Possessed with a furie of the shades:
after some prayers and many a sacred song,
with blessed signes; the euill spirit vades,
so fell his rudenesse from him, and her shine,
Made all his earthie parts pure and diuine.
O potent loue, great is thy power be saine,
That makes the wise mad, & the mad man calme

Thus

Mirrha

Thus he begins, fairer then Venus farre,
If Venus be, or if she be tis thee:
Louelie as Lillies, brighter then the starre
that is to earth the mornings Mercurie:
Softer then Roses, sweeter breath'd then they,
blush't boue *Aurora*, better cloath'd then May.
lipt like a cherrie, but of rarer taste,
Deuine as Dian, and as fully chaste.

Pardon my rude tongue, if I chance to erre,
as Hermes selfe might erre being the God
of Eloquence: for your bright eye doth beare
all earthly blessings in a faire abode,
Excuse me if I trip, I meane your weale,
Error's no error, where tis done with zeale.
Loue like materiall fires is made to flame:
When tis suppreſt: with fanning Fires first came

With

With this, the Maid (ſo took) hung down her head
wondring that ſuch a ſhape had ſuch a tongue:
able to ſteale her loue, had ſhe not fled,
and from his ardent gripes, her body wrung.
Flying like *Phœbe* after ſtrucken deere:
and as he follow'd ſhe fled more for feare.
Zephire came foorth, to dally with her haire,
while the poore Satire cried ſtay maide ſo faire

But he on ſudden like a ſubtill Snake,
rould in a heape, ſhootes foorth himſelf at lēgth;
and to his vigorous armes greedie doth take,
his yeilding prey, won with his words not ſtrēgth
To be a woman, is by nature giuen,
But to be conſtant, is a ſtar, which heauen
Hath ſeald on their ſex forehead as a ſigne,
That conſtancie in women is diuine.

Thou

Mirrha.

Thou didst deceiue me Mirrha, when I saide,
thou slew'st for feare, thou gau'st me cause to fear
and I might iustlie haue this gainst thee laide,
thou went'st auide by pathes that were so nere
Who begin, ill most often end in ill,
and she that doth her first pure youth so spill
In lawles lust, though made a wife to one,
Remaines like wax for each impression.

But see the goodnesse of the Deities,
who still with grace preuents our ill presage,
This groue was hallow'd to no Hiadres,
but chast Diana, who with violent rage
discending from her towre of Christalline,
To keepe the place still sacred and diuine:
against her rites, brought with her thereupon
white Poplar from the banckes of *Acheron*:

Mirrha.

Then wirh a charme, that did her face eclips,
And made her creſcent quak, the iuice ſhe powers
Vpon the Satirs face, and prophane lipps,
which quickly ouer all his body ſhowers,
Her borrow'd power of art being finiſhed:
(Deriued from Phœbus as her light) ſhe ſaide,
Nine-times the holy time, which ſpok will clere
all prophane matter, and this ſpake ſhe there.

Sleepe Poplar ſleepe, that was the Satirs name,
who had bin long a king within theſe woods,
Since thou my ſacred Groue, gan to prophane:
a ſleepe ſeize on thee, ſtill as ſtigian floods,
by Stix I vow the partiall deſtenies,
Did they conſpire, ſhold nere vnclaſpe thine eies.
haning thus ſaid, the Satire vaniſht ſo,
as mens proſpect that from a mirrour goe.

I thinke

Mirrha.

I thinke (quoth ſhe) accurſed is this place,
for heere the man, for whome I ſorrow now,
Heedeleſſe Acteon with immodeſt face,
ſaw all our naked and did ouer-vewe:
As men rich iuells doe, thinking there lies
yet ſome rare vertue hidden from their eyes:
And euen there quoth ſhee, & then did point,
reuen'g d, Iſaw his hounds teare ioint from ioint.

But ſince ſaies ſhe, thou as a King didſt reigne,
and art a Trophey too of *Dians* power:
Thus much the Goddeſſe of the floods doth deign
to change thy ſhape, into a vertick flower. (wood
Then thrice three words, thrice ſtriking charmed
The ground did crannie, and there out of hand,
appeared greene Poplar, younger then before,
which bow'd the head & dyan did adore.

Mirrha

The paleſac'd Mirrha ſat like guiltie ſpright,
fore the infernall iudge, yet did not ſee
Diana great, for dull are mortalls ſight,
(and all inuiſible is chaſtitie)
But heard a voice as ſhe was vaniſhing,
ſaying defild maide, dooſt wonder at this thing?
O Mirrha my creſcents beautie change,
thou ſhalt be turn'd into a ſhape as ſtrange.

With this the verdant new ſprung Poplar plant
(moou'd with the winde) ſeemd to bow down th
as cheering Mirrha, who did comfort want (hea
being amaz'd at what Diana ſaide,
Hauing recouer'd ſence, ſhe flies the place,
For feare of Phebæs comming to the chace:
to Saba land ſhe hies, where all affraide,
my muſe ſhall ſing the downfall of the maide.

Then

Mirrha.

Then first hung downe Poplar his heauie braine,
for Mirrha's losse, whose loue brought him that
and for he once in woods a King did raigne, (blew
a crowne hee still wear's, richly wrought with
and yellow eke, as figures both of loue,
Which Venus dropt downe him from aboue.
Bacchus doth loue him, for in feasts of wine,
he weares a poplar Garland mixt with vine.

The leaden God of sleepe, on his iuice feede,
the vertues of him, sundry doe declare:
His suddain taste a heauinesse doth breede,
and drownes in rest, sences oppresst with care,
In places farre remote, he loues to growe,
and eke by rivers that runne thicke and slowe,
where drowsilie this woodish demie-God,
with euerie gale of winde his head doth nod.

Miirrha.

Now to proceede after a ſmall repoſe,
that the accurſed ſeede gan ſwell her wombe,
whē her drie brain, no more teares could expoſe
ſhe weay ting for a ſad and heauie dombe.
For often men offending, ſtill doe feare,
Though Ioue be farre off, yet his iudgements nee
downe would ſhe ſit, and ſo vnfolde her moane,
that Eccho ſight hirs and forgot her owne

Diſtreſſed twixt the teadiouſneſſe of life,
and trembling feare of death, ſhe thus began:
For when we ceaſe to be the crimes are rife,
which youth committed, and before vs then.
For aged memorie doth claſp't containe,
Thoſe ſhapes of ſin, which hot blood held as vai
O curſed Fates quoth ſhe, that brought to paſſe
this prodegie twixt me and Cyniras.

O leau

Mirrha.

O leaue to leape for ioy, thou prettie childe,
to Heare of Cyniras, or ile leaue rather:
To ſpeake of him, whoſe bed I haue defilde,
& made him proue thy Grandſire & thy father
Was I predeſtin'd to ſelect no other,
But fated for the ſiſter and the Mother.
of thee my babe, heauen here hath beene ſiniſter
the childe ſhall call his grandſire, ſon his mother (ſiſter

Oft doe two Roſes grow out from one ſtem,
and one of them is full blowne fore the other,
So fares it now with thee my virgin iem, (brother
whome nature would call ſonne but ſhame ſaies
Shall I not bluſh when thou art ripe, to gather
The circumſtances of who was thy Father,
yes ſure I ſhall, yet ſhame forgets all ſhame,
Ile charge thy father of a heauenly name.

But

But oh, I feare me least some Prodegie,
the heauens agree, that I to light should bring;
to fright ee'n the yron age, that chastitie
might take example by my suffering.
That I a monster-mother should be made,
If soe, O ouer equall Gods, let *Mirrha* fade
into some shape, worthy your high deuice,
Pitty to me, would make Ioue seeme vnwise.

Alter O Gods, death that is due to birth,
nor let the dead repine, that I should see
Eliziums blest shades, nor the men of earth
annoided be with my impuritie,
Let them enioy the fieldes, and learned Songes,
Of hye brow'd Orphens, let the vnsleight throngs
that haue deseru'd this, and much more be glad,
my starres, my double life, and fate, are sad.

You

Mirrha.

You wearyed race of Danans vnblest girles,
In vaine leaue off your vnwomb'd tubs to fill,
& with your teares that staynd ỹ Indyan pearles,
Weepe out or Mirrha, and ere night you will
at my sad story orebrim with your teares,
Your whirle-poole vessells, which so many yeres
return'd no interest, if you well deplore,
you'le drowne in teares, or labour so no more.

Cõclude my fate, quicke you eternall counsell,
or else I feare the nere-erturned dead
Clad in the fearefull shapes of night and hell,
will rise before the generall day be spred;
and hurrie me in flesh to Acheron,
To taste hels torture both in soule and bone:
Then blast me thunderer in righteous ire,
and I like *Semele* wil meete thy fire.

The

Mirrha

The Gods to her laſt wiſh was tractable,
her tongue perculliſt twice was as ſhe ſpake:
aire was her voice, and Mirrha now not able,
to thanke the Gods, her ioynts in ſonder brake.
Leaues were her locks, of golden haire bereau'd,
her armes long boughes, deem & be not deceiu'd
tree gan ſhe be, yet twixt her thing ſo ſtaid,
you could not ſay ſhe was or tree or maide.

Firſt grew her hayre vp like the Summer Corne,
or as a blazing ſtarre, whoſe ſtreames riſe vpward
& being changd, fell leaues, that vp were borne,
by the rude windes, yet had you but haue heard
You'd ſware, a ſigh for Mirrha's tranſmigration
Had beene decreed by all the windie nation.
and euerie Autume, ſince a thing moſte rare,
The falling leaues, reſemble Mirrha's haire.

To

To barke her yuorie skin poliſht congeald,
each blew-rig'd current into melting ſap,
Her nailes to bolſſome faire, & what re ueal'd
with accents ſad, the babe yet in her lap.
Her fingers twigs, her bright eyes turn'd to gum,
Buried on earth, and her owne ſelfe the toombe.
her ſences gone, yet this ſence did ſhe win,
to aye relent, the horror of her ſinne.

(remorſe
For euen as from a guilty man, that's pleading for
teares follow teares, as hoping to preuaile,
So from this tree, (though now a ſenceleſſe courſe)
flowe pretious teares, as ſeemes ſhe doth bewaile
In death, with euer liuing teares, the act fore-done
Theſe P*ius* drops, made denſiue by the ſunne,
are kept for holy vſes, and the Mir,
That ſo diſtilles, doth beare the name of her.

The

Mirrha.

The misbegotten babie, ſwels the tree,
and loathing the defiled wombe ſought vent:
Thoſe panges that mothers haue felt ſhee,
and ſolemne ſighes had iſſue, as they'd rent,
and ſpoile the ſhape, ſhe newly had aſſum'd,
But wordes within the cloſe bark were inhumbd
Yet wept it out, as it to water would,
Or ſeem'd it mockt Pactolus waues of golde.

Till chaſt Lucina, whome the Poets giue,
The mid-wiues power in producing creatures,
by whoſe change we laſt die, and firſt doe liue,
(be they not violent each) ſhe that giues features
Forme or takes away, makes foule or faire,
Diſcending from her Spheare next to our ayre:
with armes yſpred, vppon the melting mir, (her
brought diuine comfort downe from heauē with

Few

Mirrha.

Few wordes ſhe ſpake, but euery ſillable,
of power to comfort the afflicted Ghoſtes:
Or a ny other ſenceleſſe thing make able,
doe better deedes then thoſe *Alcides* boaſtes,
the tree ſtreight craynes, & ſprings forth the child
who the firſt minut, though his countenance ſmild
cryed out a maine, our firſt propheticke breath,
ſhowes our firſt houre, is mother to our death.

The water Nymphes then caught him tenderly,
who laid him ſtreight on the enameled bankes,
and bath'd him with his mothers teares, whereby
they made him fairer, and in merry prankes
The Ladies call a conuocation there,
Some praiſe his noſe, his lips, his eye, his eare,
Some his ſtreight fingers, whilſt a fiſt doth ſweare
his verry breath yet ſmelleth of the mirre.

Another

Another wiſhes, oh for ſuch a face!
Nor can I blame her though ſhe did wiſh ſo:
For ſure, were I a wench, t'had bin my caſe,
for nature heere, made both her ioy and woe,
And ſpight that (but herſelf) commendeth none,
Of force muſt ſay, this was a rarer one
Then either nature did, or ere ſhall make, (wrack
whoſe life holdes vp her age, whoſe deathe's her

Eyes like two ſtars falne from their proper ſphears
as if they ſcorn'd the beaten pathes of heauen:
Or enuying of beautie of the beares,
ſhowne firmer heere, and brighter then the ſeauē
Such was he as was Cupid wont to be
In pictures lim'd, and that they may agree,
furniſh the babe with winges and quiuer light,
or from loues God, take wings, and quier quite.

Nought

Mirrha.

Nought may compare with Time in his ſwift race
the babe ere while feeles now youths hot alarms
And as in y eares, ſo beautious grew his face,
that he is fit againe for Ladies armes:
Nor Cupid now could wound more dames thē he
That Venus who Captiues all, is not free;
From her own power, ſhe loue's Adonis milde,
That Mars doth ſtorm, & wiſh he were no childe

Nor Paphos, Amathus nor fiſhie Gnide,
delights ſhe now to haunt, nor Etna now
Burnes more then her, ſhe roans the wood ſo wide
after her game, that to his game doth bow.
And will not heare or ſee, for eies and eares,
If they her heare or ſee, their vſe forbeares
Yet ſhe perſues, and leaues her power vn euen
on heauen & earth, ſhe loues him more thē heauē

Oft

Mirrha.

Oft would she say, and bathe those words in tears
oh thou faire boy, wold God thou loudst like me
but sure thou art not flesh, it well appeares,
thou wert the stubborne issue of a tree,
So hard thou art, then she a sigh would fet,
and wish that Vulcan had not made his net,
For boysterous Mars, shee'd fayner ha' bin sped
with this choice floure, clasp't in her yron bed.

Shee'd nere haue blusht, thē she does make a vow
though al the Gods of both worlds had thē seen
She raveth that she euer lou'dtil now,
that she might worthily ha bin loues Queene.
wel, wel (quoth she) thou hast reueng'd the spight
which from my accurst Sons bow did fowly light
On thy faire Mother, O immortall boy,
Though thou be faire, tis I that should be coy.

But

But ſtay my Muſe in thine owne confines keepe,
& wage not warre with ſo deere lou'd a neigh-
But hauing ſung thy day ſong, reſt & ſleepe (bor
preſerue thy ſmall fame and his greater fauor:
His ſong was worthie merrit (*Shakſpeare* hee)
ſung the faire bloſſome, thou the withered tree
Laurell is due to him, his art and wit
hath purchaſt it, *Cypres* thy brow will fit.

FINIS.





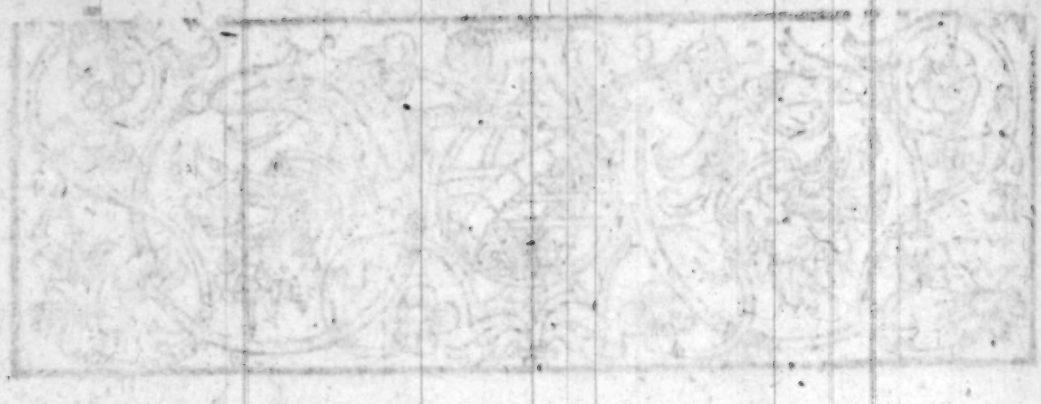
THREE Eglogs,

The first is of *Menalcas* and Daphnis:

The other two is of Apollo and Hyacinth.

By Lewes Machin.





THREE
Eclogs.

The first is of Menalcas
and Daphnis:

The other two is of Apollo
and Lycoris.

By Lewis Machin.



MENALCAS
Daphnis.

IN Summer time, before the Sunne did riſe,
Dull laſie ſleepe, had quite forſooke mine eyes
Then vp I ſtart my ſelfe, I did array,
And walkt the fieldes before the breake of day,
Then all the world, was quiet, ſtill and huſht:
Aurora ſtraite appeares, but O ſhe bluſht
To ſee her goulden haires in flames hang downe,
Whoſe ſhining brightneſſe laſc'd her skye gown
Then *Phebus* from the eaſt mounted the skie,
whoſe burning luſture puts *Aurora* by.
When he firſt riſes, then we may beholde,
His ſhining face, drawne in a Coach of golde.
I laide me downe, vpon the dewie graſſe,
Shaded with trees to view all thoſe that paſſe,
When loe I eſpied a paire comming that way,
And downe they ſat them meaning there to ſtay.
Then on my breſt I crept till I came nere e'm,
Louers ſpeake ſoftly, (yet I chaunc'd to heare 'em

A ſhepheard one was, a faire Nimph the other,
With face as beautifull as *Cupids* Mother,
Two roſes in her cheekes, yellowe her haire,
Nature had done them right, a well ſhap't paire,
To me they did appeare: then ſtill I ſat,
and lent mine eare vnto their amarous chat,
O tell me deare, what may the reaſon bee,
That thou of late haſt left thy flocke and mee?
Once thou didſt loue me, and I loue thee ſtill,
O doe not thou repay my good with ill.
But women like to fortune ſtill are fickle,
Their conſtancie like glaſſe, hollow and brittle.
Yet ſome there are on this earth to be found,
Whoſe faith was neuer ſhaken but ſtill ſound,
and one amongſt thoſe few, I hope thou art,
Whoſe kinde reply can heale my wounded heart
Then ſhe with modeſt grace to him replide,
Thy ſuite faire Shepheard I nere yet denide.
Thy long wiſht preſence is as deare to me,
as ere my ſmiles haue bin a ioy to thee.
No coy diſdaine, nor yet no proud ambition,
Hath kept me from thee but to ſcape ſuſpition.
Did I abſent my ſelfe now being alone?
Lets leaue all greefes, and caſt away all moane.
Then did the ſunne caſt glances at her eies,
Suppoſing them two ſtarres falne from the skies.
She winckt, and durſt not looke on Phebus raies,
mean while the ſhepheard w̃ her whit hād plaies

But ſee what chanc'd, as hee had caught his bliſſe,
Meaning to venter for a pleaſing kiſſe.
and as he reacht to kiſſe her, he did ſee
Come flying twixt a labouring hony be,
Which made them both to ſtart, the Bee ſuppoſes
Her roſiat cheekes to bee two budding roſes,
and ſucking there vpon her pleaſing skin,
Finding no ſweetnes hee thruſt out his ſting:
and prickt her cheeke, the blood did there diſplay
Which being done the Bee did haſt away:
The Nimph in this ſmall ſmart was well contẽted
But of the Shepheard, it was ſore lamented,
O curſed be, firſt thou didſt ſtop my ioy,
But ſecondly farre greater thine annoy.
Firſt hinder me of that ſhould doe me good,
and next to ſhed her vndefiled blood.
This graunt you Gods, that enerie honie Be,
May want a ſting for this wrong done to me.
But ſhe replide, O doe, not grieue ſweete hart,
The ſight of thee, makes me forget all ſmart.
Then freely come, and tire thy ſelfe with kiſſes,
which are to Louers their celeſtiall bliſſes,
Then did he nibble on her red ſoft lippes
and drawes her heart out with his amorous ſipps
His ſpirrit melted when thoſe ſweetes he taſted:
and in loues flames their verie ſoules are waſted.
With youthfull humors now they gin to play,
Hee'd ſee her Garters, but ſhee cries away.

Let me goe forward and then ile retire,
Now by my flocke I ſweare ile reach no higher,
She then beleiued him, and ſeemde not loath:
Fleſh is ſo fraile, that he hath broke his oath.
Nay then (ſhe ſaide) I pray ye let me goe:
I ſhall grow angrie, wherefore doe you ſo.
He ſeeing her to frowne, forſooke his pleaſure,
Hoping for more ioy at a fitter leyſure:
Fie, fie (quoth ſhe) and are you not aſhamde?
If any ſhould haue ſeene I had bin blamde.
This place is common ſome may chance come by
And ſee vs on the graſſe thus redely lie.
Then goe with me, into yon pleaſant Groue,
Where I will make a Garland for my loue.
There ſhal we finde ſweet Violets & prim-Roſes
all pleaſing ſents, that pleaſant wood incloſes.
April did weep with ioy, whoſe moderat ſhowers
Imborders all that graſſe with fragrant flowers.
There we may ſit in priuate, kiſſe and toy,
Fartheſt from ſight, is Louers greateſt ioy.
Content (quoth ſhe) then let vs both goe thither
My lappe full of thoſe odorous flowers ile gather
And with them for my loue ile make a wreath,
Then on thy lips, my lips ſhall ſweetely breath.
Thus arme in arme, they walkt into the Groue,
Then vp I ſtart, mine eies at them did roue.
But in they were, for I had loſt their ſight,
And ſure they were together with delight.

The ſunne was darkened, and did hide his face,
Being aſham'd, he miſt the Shepheards place:
Then backe I came, thinking vpon theſe twaine,
wiſhing for ſuch a Nimph, I were a Swaine.

Finis. L: *M*

Apollo Hiacinth.

APollo wearie, let his courſes breath,
Whilſt he diſcended to this earth beneath:
arm'd with his bow, & ſhafts he walkt the woods
To heare the muttering of the ſhallowe floods:
The little birds did ſing on euerie bryer, (quier
making the greene bow'd trees their muſicks
And with ſweete notes, theſe harmleſſe ſingers
To chaunt an Anthem to the Gods aboue. (ſtroue
Phebus was rauiſh'd, hearing of this noiſe,
Vowing he would forſake his heauenly ioyes
To liue on earth, if no more harme were found
Then did appeare vpon that pleaſant ground.
But he did after finde this faulce worlds pleaſure,
Ioy for a minut, trouble without meaſure.
Thus wandring vp and downe without this groue
He ſpyed a boy, that after game did roue,
His bowe was in his hand, ſhafts by his ſide,
His curled haire did all his ſhoulders hide.
A well ſhapt face he had, pleaſing ro view,
a fine ſtreight bodie, and a hart moſt true,
Apollo ſtaide and gaz'd vppon his face,

Suppo-

Supposing him mortall of Iouesrace.
and that blinde archer, that doth wound all hearts
Had now quite ouercome the God of artes,
For he did dote vpon this louely youth,
Whose heart was all composde of melting ruth,
and seeing *Phebus* come, the boy did stay him,
He saide youth, will you walke, heede not denay
But went along together hand in hand: (him
and Zephire with calme winde their faces fand,
Then *Phebus* said, faire youth what make you here
Knide courteous stranger for to kill the deere?
To heare the birds to sing, the waters glide:
Tumbling in curls along a greene banke side,
More sweete content in harmelesse woods is foūd
Then in great Cities there doth sinne abound.
But here husnt quiet keepes vs companie,
Free from all cares, and bad societie:
Here growes hie grasse, lets sit and make it flat,
and so beguile swift time with pleasing chat:
So hand in hand, they sat them on the ground,
Where little birds did make hermonious sound,
But *Phebus* heart did pant and leape with ioy,
When he beheld that sweete delicious boy.
His eyes did sparkle, loue his heart flamde fire,
To see this sweete boy smile, is his desire.
Then with an ardent gripe his hand he crusht,
and then he kist him, and the boy then blusht,
That blushing coulour, so became his face

That

That *Phebus* kist againe, and thought it grace
To touch his lips, such pleasure *Phebus* felt,
That in an amarous deaw his heart did melt.
and thus he dallied with his amorous kisses,
Forgetting of the world, that his light misses.
More ioy he had, when this day did approach,
Then in his shining Crowne or burning Coach,
Wearied with toying, they left off their play,
and conquering night, had now orecome the day
Casting her sable curtaines ore the skie,
Then said the boy, I to my rest must hie.
and I said *Phebus*, must into the Sea,
To sport with Thetio still the breake of day.
To morrow when my Charriot's in the the west,
Then meete me heare, for that's my times of rest.
I will quoth *Hiacinth* till then farwell,
The parting of true friendes all paines excell.
Phebus turnd coward, and was quite disharted,
at last he came and kist him, and so parted.

Apollo Hiacinth

GRim night being past, the morning star ap-(peard
and bright *Aurora* had the welking cleard,
Then Phebus drawne foorth by his fierie teame,
Gilded the hilles, the fieldes, and watrie streame:
so swiftly flew his steeds, through scorching flames
as if he ran for the Olimpicke games.

But

But twas not so, *Apollo* made that haſt,
Longing till he his *Hiacinth* embrac'd:
And *Hiacinth* ſweet youth the time reſpected,
Gods loue by mortalls ſhould not be neglected
There ſat he downe, by a cleere running brook
And like *Narciſſus* doteth with each looke.
He caſtes vpon himſelfe, there had he dyed,
But that bright *Phebus* did his beautie hide.
In ouer darkned clouds to ſtop his ſelflou'd error
No ſhape he ſaw in natures watrie Mirror.
And now *Appollo* wayuing towards the weſt,
Vnteam'd his fierie ſteedes, and let them reſt
Whilſt he diſcended on this ball of earth,
To ſporte with *Hiacinth* ſtrange vnknown mirth
For which the Gods were angrie, and decreed
They wold remoue the cauſe, the boy muſt bleed.
Now *Phebus* for to ſee his loue did haſt him,
Then *Hiacinth* came running and embrac'd him:
More ioy had *Phebus* in this Spartane lad,
Then heauen borne *Ioue* in Phrigian Ganimed:
His loue to *Daphne* (that chaſte beautious nimph)
Was not ſo great, as to his *Hiacinth*.
All Female pleaſures, which he did adore,
Are dull to thoſe of his male-paramore.
and hauing paſt ſome houres in delight,
They would goe walke to *Delpho's* ere that night
Should darke the world, for they went to ſee:
The ſport there made by the lands peaſatrie.

And

And being come to a faire ſpacious plaine,
There might they ſee each nimph had got a ſwain
Some dauncing after pipes, others were running
at barley breake, and with their homely cunning,
Sought to delight themſelues, and thoſe ſtood by
Others for nimble footing there did trie,
who beſt deſeru'd the werth: ſome threw at length
The heauy ſledge, & therin ſhewd their ſtrength
Which pleaſ'd *Appollo* beſt, then hee would proue
His ſtrength in it, and threw it farre aboue,
The expectation of the ſtanders by,
For through the clowds the ſledge did ſeeme to fly
and H*yacinth* being eager for to throwe,
Ran to the place, ere that it fell below
Vpon the earth, and falling on firme ground,
againſt his face the heauie ſledge rebounds,
and ſtrooke him to the earth: the God did ſound,
When he beheld that fatall deadly wound,
But being reuiu'd, he hollow'd in his eare,
To call backe life, O *Hiacinth* my deare;
Leaue me not thus, I will court deſtinie,
For to reuoke thee doome, thou ſhalt not die.
Greef would not help, in gore there lay his brain
And ſo *Apollo's* H*iacinth* was ſlaine.
But yet the God ſtill wept vpon his wound,
till with his teares there ſprūg frō out the ground,
A flower where his bleeding corps lay dead,
Shapt like a Lilly, but this flower was red.

The

The people wondered when they saw this done,
But then he shewd himselfe bright like the Sunne
Which fild them all with feare, they kneeling said
Tell vs thy will, and it shall be obeyed.
Then build a stately Temple ore this flowre,
And dedicate it to his matchlesse power.
That kept my heart in thral that louely boy,
Beautie of mankinde, and Apollo's ioy,
And euerie yeare to make a solemne feast,
In honour of my friend but now deceas'd.
And for my part, ile walke in shadow groues,
Consort with Virgins ghosts, slain by fales loues
No more ile touch my Violl or my Lute,
Nor speake to Gods or men (true griefe is mute)
So he departed, wringing of his hands,
And they to do those things that he commaunds.
The Gods for missing of their wonted light,
Sent Mercurie to know of him if night
Should still possesse the world: he made reply,
Three daies for Phaiton did I leaue the skie.
But Hyacinth was dearer, for his wracke,
Sixe daies the world shall mourn in solemn black
But Hermes vsde such cunning, he did force
Phebus againe, to take his wonted course:
And so to heauen, he went with Mercurie,
Whose tongue had power to ore rule destinie:
Yet since the earth had rob'd him of his friend,
He vow'd this curse vntill the world should end.

Halfe

Halfe of the yere, his beames ſhould comfort ſhine
The reſt to raine and froſt he would reſigne,
And that becauſe his ſorrow here had birth,
Trouble and greefe, ſhould ſtill poſſeſſe the earth.

Lewes Machin.

FINIS.